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A Friend of Santa Claus

By BERENICE JACKMAN



FOR weeks and weeks before Christmas Tommy Lee had been talking about what he expected to find in his stocking; he had written a letter to Santa Claus and given it to his mother to post, and then he flattened his freckled nose against the shop windows choosing the presents he wanted.

"And a pair of roller skates," he said one day to Ben Walker. Tommy was only seven, while Ben was seventeen years old.

"Huh!" sneered Ben. "Santa Claus don't come to poor kids." And he went away.

"Mother," said Tommy, with a quiver in his voice, "Ben says Santa Claus don't come to poor folks' houses."

Mrs. Lee smiled sorrowfully. "I am

sure he will put something in my boy's stocking," she said.

"I suppose he wouldn't bring a pair of roller skates," remarked Tommy, "or some nice warm gloves and shoes for you, mother?"

"I am afraid not, dear. You see, there are so many to remember."

Tommy said nothing for a time. If his father had been alive— He choked back a sob and slipped into the dark little bedroom. In the bottom drawer of the bureau he found a pair of his father's big woolen socks.

"I'll be back soon, mother!" called Tommy, and he scooted out.

Five minutes afterward Tommy Lee was trudging up the broad avenue.

A sleigh glided up in front of a beautiful white marble mansion, and out of it hobbled an old man in a fur coat.

He wore a furry cap pulled over his white curly hair, and his whiskers were white and fluffy, and Tommy was sure that he had found Santa Claus.

Tommy Lee hopped after the furry coated old man, and when a tall footman opened the door Tommy went inside, and no one saw him until the little old gentleman snapped on the electric lights in his library.

"Please," said Tommy breathlessly, "are you Santa Claus?"

"Bless me! What a question! Perhaps I am. But how did you come in?"

Tommy Lee told him, and he even explained why he had brought his father's big woolen socks.

"One is for mother, and the other is for me, please, Mr. Santa Claus. I did wish for roller skates at first, but mother needs shoes and gloves and a little rest. Do you have any rest in your pack, sir?"

Santa Claus nodded his head. "Heaps of it," he promised. "Where is your father, my lad?"

"He is dead," said Tommy tearfully. "He was shot by a burglar who was stealing from a rich man's house. My father was a brave policeman."

"Shot—by a burglar," Santa Claus looked very thoughtful, just as though Tommy's father had been killed in his beautiful house, which happened to be the case. "Well, young man, suppose we call for my sleigh and we will go to the shops."

Tommy Lee never forgot that wonderful ride. After the sleigh was full of beautiful bundles they dashed to Tommy's home and startled Mrs. Lee by bringing in dozens of paper packages. One of them held a fine pair of roller skates.

And while the friend of Santa Claus talked to Mrs. Lee and promised her work in his own house Tommy fell fast asleep with his cheek upon his father's woolen socks. And when he awoke it was Christmas morning.

Christmas Cakes

English Plum Puddings and Yule Babies and Their Symbolism

THERE seems to be little doubt that porridge (and not pudding) was the older and more correct designation of this time honored delicacy. The word pudding was formerly used in the sense of stuffing (or forcement). Porridge, on the other hand, was used in the sense of our present day pudding. When Shakespeare speaks of "porridge after meat" he undoubtedly means "pudding after meat." And in Sheppard's "Epi-grams" (published 1651) we read, "No matter for plumb porridge or shred pies." P. H. Ditchfield says: "The plum pudding is not older than the early years of the eighteenth century and appears to be a 'house of Hanover' or 'act of settlement' dish. The pre-revolution or Stuart preparation of plums and other ingredients was a porridge or pottage and not a pudding and was made with very strong broth of shin of beef."

Christmas plum puddings have of late years become the toys of fashion. In the good old days, when the Yule log crackled in the spacious fire grate of the rich and poor and when snow actually fell at Christmas time, people were well content with plain homely plum puddings topped with dancing spittles. But custom has changed with the times, and the present generation (or at any rate a part of it) requires its Christmas puddings enriched with jewelry or gold coins. This innovation commenced about 1895.

But of greater importance is what has been considered the theological reason for being of the plum pudding. The searchers after symbolical interpretations contend that on account of the very richness of its ingredients the plum pudding is emblematic of the costly gifts of the Magi.

About Yule babies, Yule doughs or pop dollypop ladies, a custom existed in some parts of giving sweetmeats of a special kind to children at Christmas. These tasty morsels in the shape of a doll—eyes, mouth and all—were made of dough and currants. They were flat cakes about the size of a hand, roughly shaped in the figure of a woman with the hands crossed over the breast, and in the crossed arms was a smaller figure, representing a child, the features being rudely suggested by means of currants. There can be no doubt that this sweetmeat—which was made and given to children only at Christmas—represented the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Holy Child, a practical and pleasing way of bringing home to the mind of the children the sacred facts and themes of Christmas.

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Get 50 cents worth of Karo from your grocer, and send the labels to us together with 85 cents and we'll send you this \$2.25 Solid Aluminum Griddle by prepaid parcel post.

HERE is a clean cash saving of \$1.40—and thousands of housewives have already taken advantage of this remarkable chance to get an aluminum griddle for less than the wholesale price.

This Aluminum Griddle needs no greasing. It doesn't chip or rust. It heats uniformly over entire baking surface—doesn't burn the cakes in one spot and leave them underdone in another. It doesn't smoke up the kitchen—and the cakes are more digestible than when fried in grease.

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Remember that our supply is going fast—so get your Karo today. We will also send you free one of the famous Corn Products Cook Books.

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Members starting with 2 cents and increasing two cents each week for fifty weeks, get \$25.50.

Members starting with \$1.00 and decreasing two cents each week for fifty weeks, get \$25.50.

Members starting with 1 cent and increasing one cent each week for fifty weeks, get \$12.75.

Members starting with 50 cents and decreasing one cent each week for fifty weeks, get \$12.75.

Members paying 25 cents a week fixed, for fifty weeks, get \$12.50.

Members paying 50 cents a week fixed for fifty weeks, get \$25.00.

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